

WAITING.

Serene I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, nor tide, nor heat;
I have no more 'gainst time my faith,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

You floweret nodding in the wind
Is ready plighted to the bee;
And, maiden, why that look unkind?
For lo! thy lover seeketh thee.

The stars come nightly to the sky,
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—John Burroughs in Boston Globe.

ROBINSON'S GHOST.

"Bosh! I don't take any stock in yarns like that, and it's positively absurd for such men as we are"—a party of three lawyers, a doctor and a journalist—"who pride ourselves on our common sense, to discuss such stuff seriously. Modern science has thrown so strong a light on those illusions that they ought to be recognized everywhere for just what they are—nothing more than the result of mental disorder. What do you say, Robinson; do you believe in ghosts, as our friend, the doctor, seems to?" The speaker contemptuously threw away the stump of his cigar as if it were the offender he was berating instead of the doctor, who had just been spinning an after dinner yarn of a supernatural kind.

"Do I believe in ghosts? Well, really, Brown, I don't know. But your speaking of the sciences reminds me I once had a remarkable experience with a ghost." Robinson reached for the bottle, filled his glass slowly and held it up to the light with an air of reminiscent meditation. After a short pause he went on, in answer to our inquiring looks:

"It was five years ago, just after I had opened my office here and taken young Johnson into partnership. One hot July morning I received a telegram asking me to go at once to D—, a little town out on Long Island, to draw up a will for a man who had been one of our best clients. Johnson was out of town, so I had to attend to the matter myself.

"A glance at the time table showed me that I should have to stay in B— several hours, and just as I was leaving it occurred to me that it might be worth while to take my camera along—Johnson and I were both 'Kodak fiends' in those days—as my business might not detain me long, and I should probably have an hour or two to spare. I had barely time to catch my train, so I hastily picked up the camera from my desk and rushed off. Just as I expected, I soon finished the will and started out to get some views of the sleepy old town. But B— is a rather commonplace village, and I saw nothing I thought worth snapping my camera at till I had reached the outskirts of the town, where I found a picturesque old mansion that caught my fancy.

"It was a quaint, rambling old house, gabled roofed and overgrown with vines. It seemed to be deserted—in fact, almost a ruin. It stood at some distance back from the road, and as there appeared to be no one living there I went into its garden, which was an unrestrained tangle of weeds and tall grass, to get a nearer view of the building. I was just about to take a picture of the porch when an old man appeared in the doorway. He was very feeble, but a rather fine looking old boy. I at once began to apologize for trespassing on his grounds, but he stopped me and told me to take as many pictures as I wished. He turned out to be the man in charge of the place.

"I soon struck up an acquaintance with him and was not long in winning his good graces. He told me the house had not been used for many years; it belonged to Mr. S—, who lived in Europe and who had left this place in his charge, he having been the gardener. He was very willing to show me around and invited me to look at the inside of the house, which I was glad to do. The first glimpse of the interior pleased me so much that I decided to make a view of it for my first picture.

"The door opened on a broad hall running clear through the house; there was a large winding stairway at the back with a landing place half way up, upon which there opened a beautiful oval window, overgrown with ivy. The light was good and I snapped my camera at this fine old stairway and window. I took a number of views of the house and grounds and had barely time left to catch my train back to the city.

judge from so small a photograph, it was a face of rare beauty. I was completely mystified.

"As luck would have it I was obliged to go to B— again the next day, and I took my negative with me, promising myself to look for the mysterious beauty of the stairway, for the face had a strange fascination for me, and I determined to find the girl whose picture I had so unaccountably taken, if I could possibly do so.

"I hurried through my business and rushed off to seek my friend the gardener. I found him and at once showed him my puzzling negative. The moment he saw it he dropped into a seat on the bench beside him as if he had been shot, trembling like a frightened animal and with a look of terror in his eyes. In a moment or so he found his breath and gasped:

"'Good God, it's Miss Annie!'"

"You may imagine my surprise. The old man looked at me and at the picture with a scared look, as if he suspected me of some unholy relation with the devil.

"But after awhile he calmed down a little, and a good stiff drink from a flask I happened to have in my pocket seemed to brace him up and persuade him that I was not an imp in disguise, and after awhile I succeeded in getting the following explanation from him, which I will condense for you, not trying to reproduce his words and his Scotch accent:

"During the war of the rebellion Mr. S— lived in this house with his wife and an only daughter, Miss Annie, a beautiful girl, who was about twenty years old at the time of which I am speaking. She was the idol of the family and loved by all who knew her. She was to have been married to John R—, a fine young fellow who lived near by, but when the call for volunteers was made her lover went off to the war. She was almost overcome with anxiety for him, for her heart had gone with him. One day soon after one of the early battles—I forget which one—my friend the gardener came up from the town with a telegram. He met Miss Annie coming down the stairway and gave her the message. She stopped on the landing, opened the envelope and read the telegram.

"She stood perfectly still for an instant as if she could not realize it and then—the gardener was just in time to save her from falling, as she fainted. The telegram announced the death of Lieutenant John R—, killed on the battlefield. Miss Annie never recovered from the shock, and she died insane in a few months. Her mother soon followed her, and Mr. S— left the town, a lonely, brokenhearted man, and never has returned. The place has never been rented because it is said that the unfortunate girl's spirit haunts the house, and especially the stairway, where she heard the news of her lover's death. I had photographed the ghost.

"Now that I knew the story of the girl that picture took a stronger hold on me than before and the mystery was only intensified. I could not get rid of that face. It haunted me more surely than the poor girl's ghost ever haunted the stairway, and I could not shake off the fascination. In short, I had fallen in love with a ghost, and I envied that Lieutenant John R—.

"It was a horribly uncanny feeling, but calling myself an ass did not help me to forget the face. And then the puzzle of it all, the problems it suggested. Could it be that the camera was able to open a new world to us? Was its unerring vision clear enough to pierce the mists of a spirit land and assure us of the reality of a ghost? And if so, how was it to be explained? I laid the matter before the Society for Psychical Research, but they only talked a long time about it without suggesting much, and for all I know they're at it yet. But I never shook off the spell of that phantom face."

Robinson paused a moment, lost in a far away dream. Brown, the skeptic, at length aroused him with a short "Well!" Robinson lit a fresh cigar and continued:

"For a week after my return that picture, the mystery and the beautiful face had such an effect on me that it almost unfitted me for work, and I was heartily glad when Johnson came back. I told the whole thing to him and then showed him my strange picture. He was much interested in the story, but when he saw the picture I caught a wicked twinkle in his eye. After a moment he drawled out provokingly:

"'Yes, strange; very strange. The old man seemed to see a resemblance. But, Robinson, you might as well return me my camera—you evidently took mine instead of your own that day. Your mysterious phantom beauty is my sister Kate. You took your picture on the plate I had already used. Kate's photo seems to fit in remarkably well. The joke is on you, old man.'"

"Johnson introduced me to his sister the next day. She's Mrs. Robinson now."—H. L. Pangborn in Journalist.

The Poet and the Fishmonger.

I was in Grimsby not long ago, and went into one of the few fishmongers' shops in that capital of fishmongers on gro. The worthy shopkeeper was in a talkative mood, and among other things told me that he was under orders to send a small hamper of fish daily to Lord Tennyson. In support of this statement he produced a letter from the poet laureate's residence, and in handing it to me he said: "It's not from the lord himself. It's from his son, Master 'Allan. 'Im wot's doing the poetry now. And," he added confidentially, "they do say as 'ow it isn't a patch on the old man's." I thought the worthy fishmonger's idea that as a matter of course Lord Tennyson's son, on his father's accession to other duties, would take over the poetry business, just as in due time his own son would succeed him in the fishmongering line, sufficiently amusing to be chronicled.—Cor. Pall Mall Gazette

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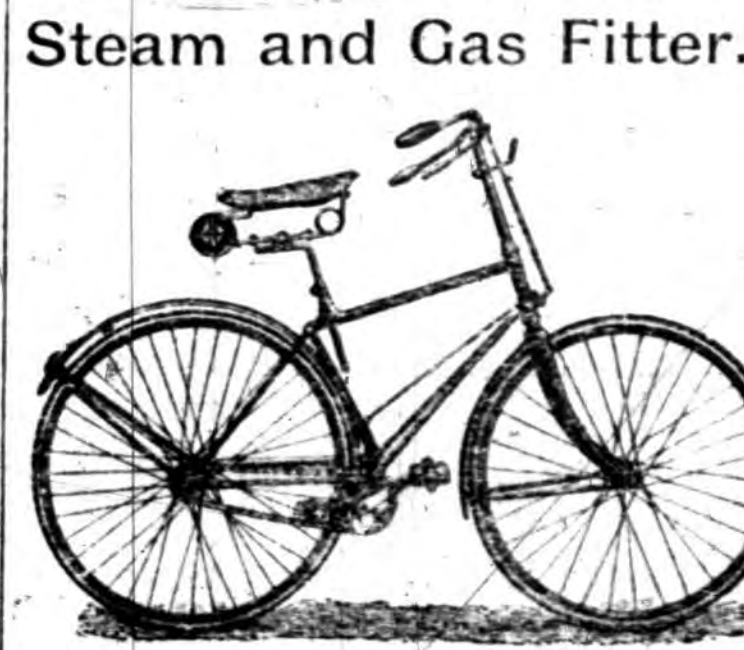
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